A DIALOGUE

Between the

POPE

AND A

PHANATICK,

Concerning AFFAIRS in

ENGLAND.

By a Hearty Lover of his Prince and Country.

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A DIALOGUE Between the POPE AND A PHANATICK

Pope. BRother, well met: how do all my Nephews in the North?

Phanatick. Through Mercy and Indulgence we are all in a very prosperous and hopeful condition.

Pope. My *Jesuits*, *Franciscans*, *Dominicans*, *Capuchins*, &c. salute your Religious Orders, *Presbyterians*, *Independents*, *Anabaptists*, *Quakers*, *&c.* And especially my Societies of *Mendicants* present their most complying Respects to your new Order of *Petitioners*. I can proceed no farther than the first Scene of a Plot, but I see Fate will reserve the last Act to

be your Part. My *Armada* miſcarried in *Eighty Eight*: the Powder would not fire upon King *James*: after this, I conſidered, that the Wiſdom and Piety of *Charles* the Firſt would have given too much Luſtre to the *Britiſh* Church, and have been too great a Glory for the Reformation, and therefore I did as much ſtudy the deſtruction of *Charles* the Firſt, as ever I did the ruin of the Second.

Phan. I know you did, for I remember I was at a Conſult with your Nuncio at *London* in the laſt Holy War.

Pope. But all my Arts had been ineffectual without your Alliance, for, I muſt confeſs, the carrying on of that War was your Merit, and your hand had the Reputation to ſtrike that blow, which made a Jubilee at *Rome*.

Phan. We hate the *Italian* way of King-killing, we have no Ruffians among the Saints; there is more ſhew of Conſcience and Judgment in a High Court of Juſtice, than in Poiſon and Piſtol.

Pope. So we can but diſpatch another *Charles*, 'tis indifferent to me whether he falls after the *Engliſh*, or the *Italian* mode.

Phan. Sir, you have not well conſidered the matter, for the preſent Juncture gives me a great advantage; the People are ſo fully poſſeſs'd with the horror of the Popiſh Plot, and are ſo vehemently prejudiced againſt the *Romiſh* Proſelytes and Religion, that I might diſpatch the King with Bullet or Dagger, and the Papiſts in *England* ſhould dye for the Fact; nay, though I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to Kill the King with a Witneſs, to be ſure I ſhould have the common Grace to deny it, and then Perſons

ſons of the greateſt Credit upon Earth would be no Evidence, the Multitude would believe they were as falſe Witneſſes as thoſe that accuſed Jeſus; nay, if a Voice from Heaven ſhould give Teſtimony againſt me, the People, like the *Jews*, would ſay it Thundred, or think it only the cheat of a ſpeaking Trumpet: moſt would be perſwaded that my Accuſation was onely a Popiſh intrigue to caſt the Plot upon the *Presbyterians*.

Pope. Well, if you will aſſaſſinate the King, there would be ſo much Value and Merit in the Sacrifice, it will be worth the adventure of a Maſſacre.

Phan. Nay, Sir, I confeſs, I am yet moſt inclined to the precedent of an High Court of Juſtice, for 'tis moſt Honour for the Saints to bind the Kings in Chains, and their Nobles with Links of Iron, to make them our Priſoners, to Cut them off with the Pomp and Solemnity of publick Juſtice; and to this purpoſe we are already provided of a Preſident, and there is no fear of wanting Lawyers to plead for the Commons, and to Arraign the King: the Scaffolds ſtand ſtill at *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and who knows for whom they wait? Beſides, if you remark the hints of Providence, or the Signs of the times, you may obſerve, that Heaven it ſelf intends we ſhould act over the ſame things again; there is a *Charles* again at *Weſtminſter*, a *William* in *Canterbury*, an Earl *Thomas* in the *Tower*, and the ſame crucifying Leſſon that happened upon the thirtieth of *January*, falls exactly in Rubrick upon the twenty ninth of *May*.

Pope. I wiſh the event of theſe fatal ſuggeſtions may confirm your Interpretation, but the King's mounting of his Guns, and doubling his Guards, and bold

bold Proroguing and Diſſolving of Parliaments, looks as if he had no mind to the Crown of Martyrdom; and I am afraid your obſervation of that Critical Leſſon in the *Engliſh* Calendar ſhould have another importance, and ſhould portend that *Charles* the Second was born to revenge the Blood of the Firſt. But our Attempts from the South have been ſo unfortunate, that I begin to think that there is in it ſome propriety of Fate, and that this *Scottiſh* Line muſt only be ruined by the Northern Covenanters; and beſides, you may do it with more ſecurity, for I ſee a *Phanatick* may Murther with leſs noiſe, and greater priviledge than a *Jeſuite*: for when we puſt out of the World that mere ſhadow of a Knight, Sir *E. B. G.* his Death Alarm'd the Nation, and made as great an Earthquake as the Fall of *Charles* the Firſt; but you could aſſaſſinate the Primate of a whole Kingdom, one of the Chief Miniſters of Church and State, and this done too with greater Circumſtances of Barbarity; and yet this Fact was reported with ſoft whiſpers and kind palliations.

Phan. Well, after all this, by the Doctrine of our Caſuiſts, we are no King-Killers, for when a Prince deveſts himſelf of Royal Power and Prerogative, by Conceſſions and Condeſcenſions, or when a mighty Parliament have beaten or dethroned the King, then to deſtroy him, is no more Regicide, than to ſhoot through the Sign of the King's-Head, or ſtab the Picture of His Majeſty.

Pope. Well, I will ſay you out-do the whole World in Politicks, if you can bring two Kings to the Bar in one Age.

Phan.

Phan. Alas! Your Cardinals Hats are ſhallow things, and your Triple Crown looks like a Fools Cap; we have one ſingle Head amongſt us, that has Wit enough to baffle twelve *Cæſars*, a Gentleman well ſtudied in the Philoſophy of Alterations, and the Heroick Vertue of affronting Princes.

Pope. I am glad to hear you have ſo great a Head, I hope you remember that the primary intention of our League is to deſtroy that Epiſcopal Church of *England*, that Church which is rude to the Saints, and will worſhip nothing in Heaven but God, and nothing upon Earth but the King, and his two Idols of Prerogative and Supremacy, thoſe Pagan Teraphims, to which you and I will never bow; 'tis the ruine of this Church that I do chiefly intend, and if the King falls in the Quarrel, he dies by accident.

Phan. Sir, You know I am obliged to this, both by Solemn League and Intereſt, and, though like you, I can diſpenſe with Vows of Baptiſm, and Oaths of Allegiance, and ſuch like Complements of State and Religion; Yet I make a Conſcience of the Covenant, and therefore never doubt my Fidelity, for I will ſerve you as faithfully as your Caſtle of St. *Angelo*, or the Knights of *Malta*.

Pope. I have no reaſon to queſtion that, but I would gladly underſtand how far Matters are advanced, and what hopeful proſpect you have of ſucceſs in this grand Affair; but firſt let me know by what Arts you have rendred your ſelves ſo Popular; for I believe the *Engliſh* have a worſe Opinion, and a greater abhorrence of me, than they have of the Devil, for they are ſo Civil to him as not to

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torment him before his time, no not ſo much as *in Effigie*, there is none of you would affront him ſo much as to burn his Sign at the Devil-Tavern, but look upon it with a greater Veneration than upon the Sign of the Croſs; but the burning of the Pope is an Annual Triumph and Solemnity, and the People are onely ſorry that it is but an Effigies, and that the Fire is not unquenchable.

Phan. My firſt Art is a Form of Godlineſs, the only Form I value in the World, for I find that a diſſembled Piety does more abundantly ſerve our Intereſt, than a ſtrict ſincerity, which is therefore juſtly called the ſimplicity of Religion; publick Sobriety is an excellent Stratagem, and wins upon the Vulgar, and the Style and Formality of Holineſs have done me as much Service in *England*, as it does you at *Rome*; and I think I may challenge the Title as juſtly as you, I prevail upon the minds of men by juſt ſuch Methods as your *Jeſuits* converted the *Chineſes*, not by ſtrength of Reaſon or Argument, but by Glaſſes and Clocks, painted Maps, and Books well gilded, thus I gain upon the People with Spiritual Fancies, well ſounding words, fine Enthuſiaſms and Allegories, thoſe Priſmes of Divinity, and this will be an infallible Artifice; for the common People of *England* have no more judgment in Theology, than the *Chineſe* had in Mathematicks; and if the Preacher, like the *European* Clock at *Pequin*, ſtrikes alone, and makes a noiſe without Book, whether he ſounds true or falſe, it paſſes for Inſpiration, and the Voice of God; one ſucceſsful Stratagem to betray and confound the Church, is this, by our *jure Patronatus* we Poſt within the Eſtabliſh'd Church as ma-

many Unconforming Miniſters as we can, with the Popular Title of Sober and Moderate men; and your Caſuiſts and mine have taught them Salvo's enough to diſpenſe with Canonical Oaths and Subſcriptions; and by this Art we have reduced many hundred Pariſh-Churches into Conventicles, whoſe Service and Aſſemblies look no more like the Church of *England*, than the Cantons of *Swiſſerland*; and by this care and caution in preſenting, we have aſſured to our ſelves in every County ſome of the Clergy to Poll againſt the Church: And, you know, in a Siege one Enemy within the Walls is worth a Regiment without.

But we never preſent any High Conformiſt, except he be well qualified with little Learning and great Immoralities, and then the Ignorance and Debauchery of the one doth us as much ſervice as the Nonconformity of the other. But my moſt effectual Artifice to ruin our common Enemy, the Church of *England*, is to clamour againſt her with the loud cries of Popery. I would not have you think me ſo weak a Brother, as to have any real ſcruple of Conſcience about thoſe minuter things, as Ceremonies: I, who quaff'd down the Blood of *Charles* the Firſt, and whole Rivers beſides; I, that ſwallow'd whole Foreſts and Mannors, and ingulph'd *White-Hall* and *Windſor*, *Hampton-Court* and *Woodſtock*, &c. together with the Spoils of three Kingdoms, without the leaſt check or obſtruction; I cannot be ſuppoſed in reaſon to ſtrain at the Atome of a Ceremony. I know that white and black upon the ſhoulders can be no more Superſtition than black and white upon the Temples. And therefore, though the eſtabliſh-

ed Church of *Scotland* have not the Scandal of Rails or Surplice, Croſs or Liturgy, yet it hath not Nakedneſs enough to content my *Scotiſh* Brethren. But thoſe things which do truly offend us, are thoſe Antichriſtian Ceremonies of Monarchy and Epiſcopacy, and the Superſtitious Rites of Crown and Church Lands. Indeed our pretended Cavils againſt Ceremonies, is a popular Art to ſerve our Intereſt, and, I ſay, as you did of old, *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, eſpecially when I can make advantage by the Deluſion. I know the eſtabliſhed Church ſtands upon the Old Foundation of its firſt Reformation, yet my bold *Timariot Lewis du Moulin* have made the People believe that ſhe is advanced within one hours ſail of *Rome*, and the uneducated Commons of *England*, and the half witted Gentlemen, are ſo happily eaſie and credulous, that I can impoſe upon them what I pleaſe, eſpecially in the fears and jealouſies of Popery. I have poſſeſs'd my Devoto's with ſuch a blind abhorrence of the Common-Prayer-Book, that they fancy it is a worſe abomination than *Rempham* and *Aſhteroth*, or any other of the Idols of thoſe Pagan ſeven Provinces. I have made them believe that it is Popiſh Slavery to be confin'd to ſpeak Senſe in Prayer: And indeed there is a Paſſage in the Service-Book that hath guilt enough to damn the whole Liturgy, and that is, that God is *the onely Ruler of Princes*, I am ſure this Expreſſion cannot be taken out of your Maſs-Book, for this Hereſie doth at one blow deſtroy the Supremacy of Popes, Parliaments, and Presbyteries, the three moſt Potent P's in the World. There is an Antient Law that looks like Nature and Morality,

and

and that is, That men ſhould bow down and worſhip God, when they come to addreſs to him in their Publick Devotions; now if any High Church-man of *England*, when he enters a Cathedral, ſhould pay this Homage of Adoration, if there be a Candleſtick or an Eagle of Braſs in the Quire, I make the World believe that he worſhips the Brazen Serpent, or if there be at the Eaſt end ſome fine painted Faces with gilded Wings, then I perſwade my Proſelytes, that the bowing that way is the Superſtitious Humility or Worſhipping of Angels, which the Apoſtle condemns; I can make them believe, without any further queſtion, that the ſinging of Hymns and Pſalms according to the Cathedral manner, was a Popiſh Invention, and Pointed by Antichriſt, and that Chriſt and his Apoſtles Sung the Paſchal Pſalm in the Tune of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*. Sir, there is ſuch an Omnipotence in your name, that you can be no leſs than the Vicar of the Almighty; the mere word of Pope or Popery works Miracles in *England*; if there ſtands in my way a Monarchical Gentleman of a flouriſhing Reputation, I do but breathe upon him, and ſay he is Popiſhly affected, and he is as ſoon blaſted and withered as the Fig-Tree in the Goſpel; it was that dear word *Popery*, which once before blew up Church and State, whip't off the Heads of King and *Canterbury*; nay, there is ſo much Magick in it, that the very buzze of Popery will Conjure up a Presbyterian Parliament; nay, there is ſuch Wonders in this name, that I believe, the fears of Popery may be ſo cunningly managed, as at laſt to bring it in without any jealouſie at all, and all this time the people believe that you and I are direct An-

tipodes, though we lye in the ſame Parallel, and are equal Enemies to the Divine Right of Kings and Biſhops.

Pope. In this conſiſts the ſtrength of all our Stratagems, and to continue this profitable deluſion, I requeſt you to continue me the friendſhip of your Raillery, for you are never ſo kind to me, as when you clamour loudeſt againſt me, for if once our Correſpondence be diſcovered, all our Politicks are defeated.

Phan. I never paint you without the Devil at your Elbow, and then I make you look the worſt of the two; never fear a Diſcovery of our Compliance, for 'tis beyond the reach of Mechanicks and half-brain'd Gentlemen to underſtand the fineſſes betwixt you and I; indeed the ill-timed motion of our *Scottiſh* Brethren might have given the World an unlucky ſuſpicion of our Confederacy, for there being a Synchroniſm in our Plots, and ſuch an agreement in our Deſigns, it might have given a vehement preſumption of our Compliance, if we had not had a good ſtock of Friends and Confidence; but oh! That Critical and unfortunate Prorogation of Parliament! when we took up Arms in *Scotland*, we did not queſtion but our Allies had been ſafely intrenched at *Weſtminſter*, but ſure that fatal Councel muſt either be the Advice of *Lucifer* or *Lauderdale*. But to proceed; another Artifice of ours conſiſts in that *Hogan Mogan* word of Proteſtant Religion, a name which the People eſteem more Sacred than that which the Diſciples aſſumed at *Antioch*, if I do but cry out the Proteſtant Religion is at ſtake, 'tis as great an alarm as firing of Beacons.

Pope. I would gladly know how far you extend that Title of Proteſtant Religion.

Phan. Why Sir, it is a Latitudinarian word, and ſo comprehenſive, that it may take in almoſt all the World except the Pope and the Devil.

Pope. Will that word reach from *Tweed* to *Boſphorus?* And will you make the Grand *Turk* to be a Proteſtant?

Phan. I ſee no reaſon why he ſhould not be reckoned in our Communion, for he diſowns your Infallibility and Supremacy, and ſcoffs at your Miracle of the Maſs, and is as great an Enemy to Images and Idols as any Jew or Proteſtant in *Holland*; and he is very Orthodox in the Decrees of Predeſtination, the great Doctrine of Proteſtants, and what is more than all this, his Prieſts wear no Surplice, Lawn Sleeves nor Rochets, they neither uſe the ſign of the Croſs, nor place any Rails at the Eaſt-end of the *Moſch*, and the *Mufti* is of the ſame mind with our Presbytery concerning Princes, "*That whatſoever Prince obey not* "*the Law of God, he is no true* Muſcelman *or Believer,* "*and being become by his filthy Actions an Infidel, he is* "ipſo facto *fallen from his Throne, and no farther Ca-* "*pable of Authority and Government.* And with this Divinity our *Turkiſh* Brethren ſtrangled Sultan *Ibrahim*, in the ſame year *Forty Eight*, when we by the ſame Maxim cut off *Charles* the Firſt. That in which we moſt diſagree, is, that our Brethren in *Turky* ſtill retain that old Natural Superſtition of Adoration, and when they enter their places of Devotion will with low Proſtrations worſhip God, and for that Reaſon, becauſe he is Monarch of the whole World; but yet this

See Paul Rycaut, *Turkiſh Hiſtory.*

this does not ſo much ſcandal me, becauſe I think they do not worſhip to the Eaſt, but I can't approve of their praying ſo much and preaching ſo little.

Pope. Truly, no more do I; for their frequenting their *Moſchs*, their praying five times a day, their humble Devotions and Adorations preſerve in their minds an awful notion of a Deity and Sovereignty, and I wiſh, like you, they would preach twice a day, and appoint Lectures twice or thrice a week, this would ſo diſtract and amuſe them with Varieties and Novelties, that I believe a good Society of Lecturers would ſooner deſtroy the *Turkiſh* Empire, than all the Arms of *Perſia* and *Chriſtendom*, or the Mutinies of Janizaries. Well, you have convinced me that the *Turks* ought to be admitted into the Poll-Book of Proteſtants, and if the *Paſha's* of *Buda* and *Babylon*, with all the *Beglerbegs*, *Spahee's* and *Janizaries*, be in the liſt of Proteſtants, I muſt confeſs you to be the moſt formidable Body in the World. But don't you take in the *Greek* Church too into your Proteſtant comprehenſion?

Phan. No: They are no more true Proteſtants than the Church of *England*; for they have Biſhops and Liturgies, Rites and Ceremonies, and ſuch kind of *Greekery:* for the miſchief is, I can't call it *Popery* in them, but they and the reaſon too are ſo far off from *England*, that I hope the Argument will not be diſcerned; but to conclude this, the *Thaumatergick* word of Proteſtant Religion hath done our Cauſe ſuch eminent Service, that in the next Revolution, when we give new Charters to State and Religion, we deſign to expunge that *Popiſh* Article of Catholick, and put the *Proteſtant* Church into the Creed,

Creed, if it ſhall be thought needful to retain any Creed at all.

Pope. Well, I am ſatisfied you have bravely undermined the Church of *England*, whoſe Ruins will help to Repair the Walls of Old and New *Babylon*, our Church and yours; but pray, what approaches have you made upon the State?

Phan. You muſt know that the Monarchy and Church of *England*, as they are now eſtabliſhed, are but one Work, and ſtand upon the ſame bottom, and therefore if the Mine ſprings well, both muſt blow up together; but yet I have my peculiar Engines to Aſſault the Throne, as Firſt, powerful Libels, which have more effect than your Bulls, and it will not require ſo much of the Black Art to render this King odious, as it did to ſully the Reputation of his Father.

I have already prepared the People for Rebellion, by fears and jealouſies of Arbitrary Power; if an High-Sheriff appears with Buff and Carbine, I tell the People they are a Troop of *Spahee's*, and the Lord Lieutenant is a *Paſha*, and that *Charles* deſigns to be a *Sultan*.

Pope. Methinks it is ſo lately ſince your *Oliver* the Firſt was as Grand a Signior as *Amurat* the Fourth, that that Stratagem ſhould have no force upon this Age, for the Cavaliers by a late Experiment have more reaſon to fear Arbitrary Government from you, than from their Hereditary Kings, whoſe Intereſt it is to ſecure the Liberty and Property of their Loyal Subjects.

Phan. 'Tis true, the Saints have a right to an abſolute Dominion, and thoſe who ſhall judge Angels, may

may ſurely condemn Kings and Nobles too, and I grant that there ſhall be no Parliament in the Fifth Monarchy; but this Arbitrary Power muſt not be allowed to the Kings of the Earth: but however, I find that this State Mormo of Arbitrary Government, does ſtill fright the Populacy of *England*, and moſt of the Cavaliers are ſuch unconſidering Animals, that though I lately impriſoned them for the maintaining of Liberty, and Sequeſtred them in defence of Property, and put many to death by High Courts of Juſtice to preſerve them from Tyranny, yet they don't believe I will do ſo again, and ſeem to dread Arbitrary Power in none but Lawful Kings; beſides, I have a great advantage, for the People of *England* will eaſily credit a Popiſh-Plot, and are very apt to think the worſt of you, but they are not ſo ready to ſuſpect any evil Deſigns from me; if I ſhould raiſe a report, that you had, by your Conjuring Power of Tranſubſtantiation, transformed an hundred thouſand men into Rooks and Crows, and ordered that Flying Army to Rendezvouz at *Black-Heath*, and there to ſhake off their Plumes, and appear in Arms, I am confident there are thouſands would believe the ſtory; but they will not believe I have any deſign to Kill the King, till they ſee him upon the Scaffold.

Pope. I am ſatisfied you have planted your Batteries with great advantage, and have made wide Breaches both upon Church and State, but you want your five hundred Veterans to enter the Breach, and compleat the Conqueſt.

Phan. 'Tis true; if I can but once again Quarter a Parliament at *Guild-Hall*, or Poſt them at *Weſtminſter*,

minſter, with the Guard of the City Auxiliaries, the buſineſs were done; for, I confeſs, we can do nothing in State or Religion, without the Power of an Ordinance, and I grant you that a Rebellion will not have its due colours or ſtanding force without the Levy and Authority of Parliament; but we are ſecured of a Houſe of Commons of our own Temper, for we have baffled the Gentry and Clergy, and are become the grand Electors of *England*; for, by Polling all Cottages and Almes-Houſes, (the frankeſt Tenure of *England*) by a little pardonable Perjury, and ſplitting our Free-hold into Atoms for four and twenty hours, we have rendred our ſelves Maſters of Elections; and thus by an immortal oppoſition betwixt King and Parliament, we have rendred the Conſtitution unpracticable, and reduced the Government to this Dilemma, that either we muſt have a King without a Parliament, which is an *Engliſh* impoſſibility, or elſe a Parliament without a King, and for that, you know, we have a Precedent, and therefore the hopes and advantage lies on our ſide.

Pope. If you could give theſe Elect Creatures of yours a fixed Being, or a politick immortality, all were done; but the King perverſly retains that Reprobating power of Prorogation and Diſſolution, and begins to learn how and when to uſe it.

Phan. This indeed is the greateſt difficulty of our affairs; but to maſter this we muſt uſe all imaginable Arts to diſtreſs the King; for as we cannot have a Parliament without a King, ſo he can have no money without us; now to bring him

into neceſſities, we will invite our Friends in *Barbary* to infeſt the Seas; and our Proteſtant Neighbours have lately furniſhed them with Ammunition for that purpoſe. You muſt, by your Nuncio at *Paris*, prevent the League with *France*, and I do not queſtion but by my Friends and Intereſt to hinder an Alliance with the *Dutch*. But if all theſe methods ſhould be defeated, I have one Stratagem left, which muſt effect our Deſigns, and that is the Artifice of Petitioning, and though I would not have the Nation agree in one common Form of Prayer to God Almighty, yet I will perſuade all the Counties of *England* to combine in one Petition to the King for the Seſſion of a Parliament. Now for Subjects to petition their Prince ſeems at firſt ſight ſuch a plauſible Right, and ſo juſt a Liberty, that it would be thought Tyranny to diſguſt it, and I do not queſtion, but to court one hundred thouſand Hands into a Subſcription, and thus I have liſted a Formidable Army without beating of a Drum, and if the Gentleman at *White-Hall* ſhall affront our leading Petitioners, the whole Aſſociation will be obliged to take the Field in Defence of Liberty, Property, and Petitions.

Pope. I acknowledge your proceedings are brave and ſomething hopeful, but I think you did commit an error in Politicks, by your too bold and open affronts upon the Throne, for when you had a Parliament of your own Family, you ſhould have ſweetly diſſembled your Deſigns, and wrought the Mine under ground, and not given ſuch open Defiance to Prerogative: there was a time when the

King

King caſt himſelf into the Arms of his Parliament, and then you might have Killed him with embraces, you ſhould have Worſhipped him, clothed him with Purple, and Courted him with flattering Addreſſes, but you ſhould not have ſhewed him the Crown of Thorns, till you had brought him to the Judgment-Hall, for now your bare-faced Affronteries have rendred him jealous of your Deſigns, and may put him upon ſome deſperate Counſels to obviate your Contrivances; for your Plots againſt the Government are now more manifeſt than mine; but this I will ſay, if you can Ruin three Kingdoms twice in one Age, you deſerve the triple Crown as well as I.

Phan. Hold, Sir, Now uſe your Omnipotence of Tranſubſtantiation, vaniſh into Air, transform your ſelf into a Wafer, (for ſure that is as eaſie as to change a Wafer into a man, (or which is more, into a God;) here comes an unconverted Cavalier, a Worſhipper of Kings and Biſhops, and if he diſcovers my Company and Correſpondence with you, we are undone.

Pope. I ſee him, and he is ſo far advanced already, that he muſt have obſerved us; and there is no Remedy left, but to delude him with the wonted Artifice of Railing upon each other, and begin as ſoon, and as loud as you can.

Phan. You Antichriſt the Great, the Spiritual *Paſha* of Myſtical *Babylon*, the great *Hocus Pocus* of Chriſtendom, Son of the Scarlet Whore, the Incendiary and Deceiver of the Nations, you man of Sin and Pander to the Devil.

Pope. You Apocryphal Spawn of Bel and the Dragon, you ill-looking, ill-natured Phanatick, the ſhame of Humanity, the Scandal of Chriſtendom, the plague of Governments; you are the Beaſt and the Falſe Prophet, and your Numbers are the Locuſts that came out of the bottomleſs pit; you are the perfection of Impudence, Impiety and Hypocriſie.

Cavalier. Very fine in troth! Do you think me to be ſo blind, that nothing can reſtore my ſight but a Miracle? No, you are miſtaken; I have a long time ſuſpected your Compliance, but now both mine Eyes and mine Ears have aſſured me of your Confederacy: I know which is the eldeſt, but 'tis not eaſie to determine who is the greateſt Knave of you two; You, Mr. *Pope*, damn me for a Heretick, and your Brother Phanatick Blaſphemes me for a Papiſt, but, though the next Succeſſor to the Crown ſhould come from *Rome* or *Leyden*, I would never be a Rebel, nor ſhould all the Power or Prerogative upon Earth ever oblige me to be a Papiſt or Presbyterian; I am of the ſame Church and Religion with *Polycarpus*, St. *Ignatius*, St. *Gregory Nazianzen* and *Nyſſen*, St. *Baſil*, St. *Chryſoſtom*, and St. *Cyprian*; who were Friends to Biſhops and Liturgies, Decent Rites and Ceremonies in publick Worſhip, and yet were neither Papal nor Phanatical, and I hope, it will not be long before all the Princes of Chriſtendom will ſee it their Intereſt to be Enemies to you both.

As for your preſent Intrigue of petitioning, you have told the People in plauſible Cant, that it is one of the Excellencies of the King of Kings, to

hear

hear the Prayers of them who are but Duſt and Aſhes, and that the King would but reſemble a Deity in graciouſly Receiving and Granting Petitions; but like your old Friend that tempted our Saviour, you conceal the moſt material part of the Divinity; for ſure, according to the due Reſtrictions of Religion and Allegiance, we are obliged to ask nothing from God or the King but what is eſſentially Good and Juſt, and agreeable to their declared Will and pleaſure, but for men or Subjects to confine Providence or Prerogative to the Modes and Meaſures of their private humours, is neither Devotion to God, nor good manners to the King.

And if Popular Petitions be ſo juſt a Right of the Subject, I would fain know why we might not as lawfully petition the King for the Diſſolving of a Parliament, as you do for the Sitting of it; I am ſure we have as much Reaſon and Liberty as you, onely we have more Manners and Submiſſion, and think it not Dutiful in Subjects to impoſe upon their Sovereign with Impudent and Tumultuous Suggeſtions. By this Method of petitioning, you would render His Majeſties Government Precarious in the moſt literal ſenſe; and when he has granted your Petitions, it will not be long before you requite his Grace with a Vote of Non-Addreſſes.

You know I am a Member of that Un-rebelling Church of *England*, and if your amuſing proſpects of Futurity can ſuppoſe ſuch a Monſtroſity in Government, as a Prince ſhould uſe his Prerogative to deſtroy his Peaceable Subjects, yet I would rather

rather be ruined by the Diviner hand of a Monarch, than be worried by the baſer Tyranny of a Phanatick Commonwealth.

Now ſince you have made Covenants and Aſſociations to ruin the Government of Church and State, we are reſolved to unite in the defence of both. It is evident enough that you deſign another War, and ſeeing nothing can be expected from another Triumphant Phanatick Army, but the utter extirpation of the Monarchy, and all the Loyal Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry; we do therefore declare, That we are ready at the King's Command, to ſerve him with our Money and Arms, and that ſounds a little better than Lives and Fortunes.

FINIS.